

## GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Advertisers' Tricks That Are Queer  
And Ways That Are Notorious.

Hired Street Cleaners—Mrs. Tom Thumb's First and Second Marriages—The Tricks of the Man Who Hums—Bugs and Boats of It.

(New York Letter to Philadelphia Press.)

A leading Democratic statesman of national influence and international fame said to me yesterday, as we came over from Washington, he stopping in Philadelphia, "The Philadelphia Press is more widely read through Pennsylvania, the West and South than any three of its local contemporaries combined," and it occurs to me that the families living in that tremendous section of the country might like to turn their intelligent eyes for a while from the contemplation of the greatness, the goodness, the wisdom and the serenity of the new so-called Democratic administration, and study with me for a moment a peculiar phase of public life, which finds its highest development in the advertising efforts of Irving and Terry, on the one hand, and Mrs. Tom Thumb on the other. The elder Bennett, unquestionably the ablest, shrewdest, most successful journalist of his time, once said, and the motto has passed into universal currency: "First get your news, and then make a damn good story out of it." On this theory Mr. Irving and Mrs. Terry, by far the best readers of human nature sent to us at any time from New England, have worked the United States and its good people for all they are worth. Before they started for home the events of the Associated Press and other journals had their lives made miserable by information concerning the great Irving tour, and Henry E. Abbey, a manager whom we all love to serve, whose interests are identical with those of his country, and whose success, in his life of life, stand monumental among theatrical endeavors, opened countless doors leading to golden avenues of gratuitous puffery for Mr. Irving and his company. As able and as adroit, off the stage as he is on it, and as skillful in his charming and delightful in companionship, graceful and ever welcome in society, Irving quickly detected our prominent peculiarities, and devoted time unlimited to catching to us and them. You have all read the story about the man who wanted drinks for a crowd that he could assemble a number of company upon the street without the faintest provocation. Advancing to the curb, he threw his eyes aloft, and looked steadily at nothing at all. Presently he was joined by another, who following his regard upon space, looked there also. Others came up, and in less than five minutes there was a crowd of 200 or 300 people. The police ordered them to move on. The man won his wager, the crowd had their drinks. How admirably this was put to us, let a little story show.

## THE STORY ILLUSTRATED.

Last Saturday afternoon, passing Broadway in the vicinity of Fourteenth street, my attention was attracted to a number of people running rapidly along Union Square in the direction of the city hall. Looking from the corner, I saw gathered about a carriage which stood in front of the stage entrance of the Star Theater quite a large crowd. I joined them. They were half grown, half youth, dressed in what we would call "costers." What under Heaven, could they be there for? was the natural question. Addressing one of them, I said, "What's the occasion of the crowd?" "Best if I know," said he. "Well, what are you doing here?" "I'm earning twenty cents," "Earning twenty cents?" "Yes," "Well, whose going to pay it to you?" "The Cap'n." "Who's the Cap'n?" "The fellow with the louchahat," I joined the Cap'n, but the Cap'n noticing possibly a difference between me and the other fifteen men who obviously looked to him for direction, declined to give me any information whatever. Presently the one was given and taken up at once by the ten or fifteen alighted. "Three cheers" were given for Irving, the great English actor. Just then a modest little lady came out, and the "Cap'n" evidently thinking it to be Miss Terry, cried out, "Three cheers for the public's favorite, Ellen Terry!" The three cheers were given, but it wasn't the public's favorite, Ellen Terry, but her guest, the man who was looking for her mistress's coupe. By this time a noticeable crowd had gathered—at least 200 people—who came up from the street, to see what the throng, the crowd were up to; so when the distinguished and favorite actress appeared, there was a great and glorious company, a perfect cloud of witnesses. Now you know that is carrying things to an excess which defies American competition. Home industry is nothing to it.

## ANOTHER SHREDDED ADVERTISING.

I saw that with my own eyes, and it naturally suggested a train of thought which was emphasized this morning, when I received a card of invitation to attend on Easter Monday the wedding ceremonies of Mrs. Tom Thumb and Count Magri, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Accompanying the invitation was a little circular which gave these cards of invitation are forwarded to the mutual friends of the contracting parties, the Italian and French Consuls, the Mayor and a few others, and none but those to whom invitations are sent will be permitted to witness the ceremony, as it is the desire of the contracting parties to avoid as much as possible any great public display. The groomsmen and bridesmaid will be Miss Lucy Thomas and Major Newell, the latter the husband of the late Minnie Warren. Now see the absurdity of this. In order to avoid publicity they send these cards of invitation to all the newspaper men in the country, give them all the necessary details as to text, looking up to a regular Irving-Terry advertisement in the good old English style.

I met Mrs. Thumb in Philadelphia last week. I was greatly shocked at the change in the little lady's look. It was my good fortune to witness as a marriage ceremony in Grace Church some twenty years ago, when she and Tom Thumb pledged their mutual troth in the presence of a mighty congregation which overrode the sacred limits as waters overflowed the Coney Island shores, taking possession of every foot of land, standing upon the backs of the seats, doing an amount of pecuniary damage which was estimated at hundreds of dollars. Old man Barnum always had faith in printer's ink, and he managed that affair very much as the present ceremony is likely to be managed. Facing good care of the reporters, he also took good care that the public should see it all, should see it all, and with an undaunted parallel, had this ceremony performed in what was supposed to be the most fashionable church in the diocese, under circumstances which necessitated an amount of publicity and a degree of publicity worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Notoriety is money to the Irvings and the Thumbs of life. An itching soul is quite as

potent as an itching palm, and they generally go together. An advertising agent is of value according to his ingenuity in devising ways and means that are odious to the general. For a long time the loss of diamonds reported in the newspapers means fame to actors, male and female, but that rage is well worn and pretty well played out. Runaway horses, fainting spells, severe illness, miraculous escapes, heroic savings of life, have all done their little part in booting itobers for notoriety upon the plane of public scatch-dom.

Referring for a moment to the marriage of this little Thumb woman, I naturally recall the palmy days of Barnum's Museum, when it stood at the corner of Ann street and Broadway, the point now occupied by the opera house building of the New York Herald. I have in my scrapbook a picture of that part of the town as it was in those days. The City Hall Park extended down to the end of the curb, now occupied by the Federal building, or the post office as it is generally called, and was surrounded by a wall to end by a high iron fence, and the pickets of which were very sharp. At the gates of this fence stood sharpers, now and then, who obtained from innocent ratics various sums, from twenty-five cents to a dollar, in exchange for the Park "to look at the public buildings." There was an enormous elm tree there, from the limbs of which, in the long, long ago, were dangled two negro murderers, caught in the act of a diabolical assassination.

Barnum's Museum was an enormous institution, utilizing a number of old stores and houses, running from the first floor along the entire front on Broadway, from Ann to Fulton street. Its roof flaunted flags of all nations, while banners depended from every one of its multitudinous windows. Behind the enormous canvas transparency on which were painted pictures of the Thumbs, a gorilla, the what-is-it, the mermaid and other curiosities, sat a German band, which played at intervals during the day. Barnum must have made millions in that place, for it was crowded night and day. Performances were given several times during the day, in what was called the "lecture room," where a very excellent company gave very creditable performances. That is where I first saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performed. I went with Mrs. Stowe, the author of the book, nearly cried my eyes out over the trials and tribulations of the venerable darkey and the sweet angelism of the pretty Eva. There were no bloodhounds, no dogs, no dual of Tompkins to make the scenes ridiculous, but a clean-cut, well-dressed, admirably put representation of the story, as given in the graphic words of the woman who felt it when she wrote it. Barnum himself was as good a curiosity as any in this building, and he occupied a little office with glass doors on the first floor, above the entrance, where probably 10,000,000 of people have looked in at his curly head and beaming face. I thought the other evening, when I saw Mrs. George C. Howard going through the antics of Tompkins in the Third Avenue Theater, precisely as she did in the antebellum days, of the amount of nervous energy and muscular activity she had put into her interpretation of that amusing character, and contrasted her comparatively obscure and unimportant condition with that of our hero without a tittle of her physical excellence or her mental attributes but with an inordinate development of cheek and advertising knack sufficient to place them upon the pinnacle of fame and in the very vault of Cossack-like wealth.

## THERE WERE TWO CLARKES IN THE EAST.

There were two Clarkes in the east: N. B. Clarke, who was at one time known throughout the length and breadth of the Union as the hero of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and young George Clarke, now, I think, traveling with one of the Madison Square companies for a long time with Dwyer, generally known in the profession as an intelligent, hard working, industrious actor. I forgot who Uncle Tom was, but I believe Mr. G. O. Howard played St. Clair and little Cordelia Howard was the bright and beautiful Eva. Naturally these details are of no special interest to me, so I pass them with the simple remark that when Tom Thumb and Miss Warren made their appearance in the long exhibition room and held leaves at one end of the platform, exchanging smiles for quarrels and pictures for delivery, it was revelation to the company, who saw at a single bound, these little mites fall far beyond them into the arena of public favoritism and money getting, simply because they were freaks of nature. Tom Thumb had considerable native dignity, as most little people have, but he was rolled on and he developed somewhat in stature he became very fond of himself, and rather gave the idea that if it hadn't been for him Brother Barnum wouldn't have been the factor in affairs he certainly became. He had a certain degree of fondness for his little wife; but he had a very uncertain degree of fondness for other ladies, who catered to him, and toadied to him, and flattered him until he became a wretched little spendthrift. If he had been as careful of his money as he was devoted to his individual selfish gratification, Mrs. Thumb might have been thumbing to live on, and not be compelled, in her comparative old age, to seek the notoriety which a second marriage grants in the hope of exciting again the public's interest and his aunt. I wonder what became of the old freaks—the original Cossack girl; the poor, demented darkey who served the purpose of a What-is-it; the famous brother of Glass into fancy shapes; the venerable Albino, with his snow white hair, reddish eyelids, the most restless eyes, with his fat, smiting, greedy wife and his bandaged children. With great amazement, and equal heartiness I returned a salutation to Chicago a few weeks since, given me by an elated, fat, stout, and slightly tipsy wife, continued for months a chief attraction on Barnum's platform. He is a substantial farmer in Minnesota, and she is a well behaved dairy mistress living on the fat of their farm comfortable in their old age, and with an marvelous recollection of names and faces.

## THE CHANGED DWARF.

Mrs. Thumb is no longer the pretty and petite, doll-faced child she was a quarter of a century ago. Care and age have fattened her body, her brows have planted their feet by her eyelids, the bright red blood of youth has forsaken her veins. Nothing pleases her so much as to be followed by gaping crowds; nothing recalls so vividly the visions of other and happier days as the ohs and ahs of a gazing multitude, and when turning her back upon the ice-bound rocks of a sterile New England, she sought the limited shelves of metropolitan dime museums, she took so tremendous a professional tumble as to excite general amazement and almost justify the terms of a commission in luxury. The wheel of fortune, however, which ground her for a while in the hole of penny, like all other wheels, and, like the noted wheel, takes a turn now and then, and the little lady comes up smiling, her hand clasped by the tiny paw of the Italian Court, and, on Easter Monday next, to the stately measures of the wedding march, they will walk proudly down the aisles of the Church of the Holy Trinity and, in the presence of a great multitude, will give themselves away. How happy they will be!

Why? Because the public's well fed hand will scratch their notoriety itching backs and fill their pockets. This is a great country, and we are the greatest tea to professional pointers of jobs to be found on the face of the globe.

Will the public struggle to see Mrs. Thumb?

Do they struggle to see Mr. Irving? Yes, they will and the capacity will be exceeded by the demand for seats in that sacred edifice by a thousandfold, yes, twenty-five thousandfold, and the right reverend rector, who, from his calm altitude, looks down upon the frenzied, will face at that one period, a vaster audience than in his wildest dream he ever fancied himself addressing. The papers will tell the story, the cable will flash the news across the sea and the whole round world will echo the laugh and repeat the shout which will follow the first significant peal from the organ and hail the first harmony from the wedding chimes. The most significant event in the long ago, when Tom Thumb and little Warren displayed their dramatic and wedding veil in the broad aisles of Grace Church was the fact that in a house of worship this extraordinary spectacle was permitted to be shown, and I predict that, in spite of rumors of war, in spite of the incoming of a Democratic administration, with its rejection of Republican postmaster in the city of New York, in spite of railroad strikes and distress in the great army of labor, in spite of useful inventions and marvelous mechanical advances, the one single incident that will demand prominently the greatest space in the columns of metropolitan dailies, and will be most widely commented upon by the editorial fraternity of the country and the world will be the record marriage and the consequent increased notoriety of Mrs. Tom Thumb. This, brethren, is the lesson and colic for the day.

## A Tiny Shoe.

They found him by the roadside, dead, A ragged tramp unknown, His face captured in mute despair, His helpless arms out-thrown. The last leave I him sang and sook Of cringing slaves and sweet, and stirred His hair in wanton play. They found no clue to his name or name, But tied with a ribbon blue They found a package, and it held A tiny shoe. He'd worn and old, a button off, It seemed a red thing, With reverence they wrapped it close, And tied the faded string. And laid it on the peaceful breast That kept the secret well; And God will know and understand That deed that was so true. Of happy times at peaceful home That dead tramp sometime knew, Whose only relic left him was That tiny baby's shoe.

## CURIOUS, USEFUL AND SCIENTIFIC.

It has been recently proven that earth-worms are capable of regenerating their large pores cut from their bodies being replaced by new growths. Lead veins are thickest in limestone, thinner in sandstone and thinnest in slate. The latter, however, contains the greatest percentage of silver.

Black walnut sawdust is now mixed with linseed gum and molded into ornamentation for furniture. When varnished, it is handsome and more durable than carved wood.

If a chicken bone be left in dilute muriatic acid several days, it may be tied into a knot, since the acid has dissolved the lime, leaving nothing but cartilage and connecting tissue.

Turpentine in small quantities may be used with advantage in the laundry, but, which is usually found in soap, is injurious, discoloring some goods and shrinking woollens.

There has recently been discovered in the Yellowstone Park the mineral known as "cryolite," which is of great value in the potash manufacture. It had previously been found in Greenland.

Dr. Cando is the French botanist, supposes that agriculture had its origin in three widely separated regions, namely, China, southwestern Asia and Egypt, and the highlands of Mexico and Peru.

The juice of the curious ink-plant of New Granada requires no preparation before being used for writing. The color is reddish when first applied to paper, but soon becomes a deep black, which is very durable.

The number of fossil plant species now known is estimated to be not less than 9,000, and may be considerably greater. A catalogue of all which have been described down to the present year is being prepared at the National museum.

A fossil air breathing animal of an earlier age than any before known—a scorpion from the upper Silurian deposits of Sweden. A cockroach's wing dated from a still more remote period—the middle Silurian—has since been found in France.

After several trials the French Minister of Agriculture has been found a means to destroy the white eggs of the phylloxera without injury to the grape vines. He recommends the use of a mixture of oil, naphtha, quicklime and water. The remedy certainly has one merit—it is cheap.

The Medical World reports a case, now under observation, in which the patient's hair, which had become prematurely gray, is slowly returning to its original color under the internal administration of phosphorus cod liver oil. The World had previously noted similar restorations under the same treatment.

A new French process imitates mackerel roes, brilliant balls, are manufactured from potatoes. In the process the potatoes are first peeled, then boiled in diluted sulphuric acid for thirty-six hours, and then pressed and dried between sheets of blotting paper. The product resembles cut glass in appearance.

Wood wax is a cheap and useful dressing for wounds is being prepared extensively as a commercial staple for surgical dressing. It is finely ground wood, extensively used in the manufacture of paper. It is a clean-looking, delicate fiber, soft, yellowish white substance having an odor of fresh wool, and absorbs an immense quantity of liquid.

Herr J. Branticht has been experimenting on the transfer of bacteria from the soil to the atmosphere. Sand, gravelly soil and a moderately clayey garden soil were moistened with liquid containing bacteria and covered with liquid containing bacteria and covered with glass bells. In a few hours microbe of the same kind as those contained in the liquid were found in great numbers in the moisture condensed on the sides of the bell. Angus Smith was one of the first to point out that aqueous vapor condensed on the walls of rooms contains micro-organisms.

The injurious effect produced by illuminating gas is due, according to Grube's researches, not to the continuance of its action, but to its concentration, or the percentage of it in the air. It is asserted that air containing five parts in ten thousand can be breathed by men and animals for hours, and even day, without any injury to the health; from seven to eight parts in ten thousand cause indisposition; twenty parts produce difficult breathing, loss of power and uncertainty of motion; with twenty to forty parts growiness begins and, when there is still more carbonic oxide in the air, the poisoning is attended with violent symptoms, brain and spinal column are especially affected, cramps seize the victim; yet he may recover if brought quickly into fresh air. Breathing air heavily charged with carbonic oxide for a long time may likewise cause death.

## WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

[The following delicious verses, the coy confession of a maiden in love, are accredited to the late Horace Greeley. It appears almost incredible that such lines should have fallen from the pen of the plain and practical political economist, editor and farmer. The evidence of authorship is, however, strong in his favor, when he was yet in the sentimental age. The poem is said to have first been printed in 1839.]

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,  
In the orchard path he met me;  
In the tall, wet grass with its sweet perfume,  
And I tried to pass, but he made no room—  
O, I tried, but he would not let me,  
So I stood and blushed, till the grass grew red,  
With my face bent down above it,  
While he took my hands as he whispered—  
said—  
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head  
To listen to all my lover said—  
O, the clover in bloom, I love it.

In the high wet grass went the path to hide,  
And the low wet leaves hung over,  
But I could not pass on either side,  
For I found myself when I vainly tried  
In the arms of my steadfast lover,  
And he held me there and he raised my head  
As he cleared the path before me,  
And he looked down into my eyes and said—  
How the leaves bent down from the boughs  
To listen to all my lover said—  
O, the leaves bending lowly over us.

To listen to all my lover said—  
O, the leaves bending lowly over us,  
Had he moved aside but a little way  
I could surely then have passed him;  
For he knew I never could wish to stay,  
And would not have here! what he had to say  
Could I only have had him cast him.  
It was almost dark and the moments sped,  
And the searching nightwinds found us,  
But he drew me nearer and softly said—  
How the canopy winds grew still fastid—  
To listen to all my lover said—  
O, the white-pink winds around us.

I am sure he knew when he held me fast  
That I must be all unwilling,  
For the night had come with its dew-drops at last  
And the dew with stars was filling,  
But he held me fast when I would have fled,  
And he made me hear his story,  
And his soul came out of his lips and said—  
How the stars crept out as the white moon led  
To listen to all my lover said—  
O, the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,  
And I'm sure that the wind, precious word,  
Will carry my secret safely and well,  
That no being will ever discover  
One word of the many that rapidly fell  
From the eager lips of my lover,  
And the moon and the stars that looked over  
Will never reveal what a fairy-like spell  
They were round about us that night in the dell,  
In the path of the dew-laden clover,  
Nor utter one whisper that made my heart swell.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE AND INCIDENT.

The Mormon Church has more missionaries than the American Board of Foreign Missions. German research has shown that the mellowness of old wine is due to an increase in its proportion of glycerine. The congregation of which Dr. Burchard was pastor has died, and the property is to be turned over to the New York Free-bury.

The Bible Church, of Salford, England, makes vegetarianism as well as teetotalism and total abstinence from tobacco an essential condition of its church membership. Christ left his grave clothes behind him in the sepulchre because he rose to die no more; death was to have no more dominion over him. Lazarus came out with his grave clothes on, for he was to use them again; but Christ, rising to an immortal life, came out free from those incumbrances.—Matthew Henry.

"Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead." The disciples must first be told the news; not tell the chief priests and the Pharisees, that they may be confounded; but tell the disciples, that they may be comforted. God anticipates the joy of His friends more than the shame of His enemies.—Matthew Henry.

"No," said Mrs. Frank, "I didn't like that minister at all; he made me so nervous that I couldn't sleep a wink all church time. How different from our own pastor. I always enjoy Mr. Jones' preaching, he has such a nice way of speaking, you know. Why, when he begins to speak he soothes my nerves so that I don't feel before he has spoken twenty words and I never wake until he gets through."

Alaska Moravian Missionaries.—Rev. Wm. B. Weiland, who, with the Rev. Mr. Hartman, was sent last summer to Alaska by the Moravian church on an exploring tour to secure a foothold for a Christian mission in that territory, has received from Washington a commission as an officer of the Signal Service Bureau. Mr. Weiland was to be ordained last Sunday a deacon of the Moravian church at Bethlehem, Pa. He will be accompanied to Alaska by Mrs. Weiland, and his wife and Hans Torgerson, a Norwegian and a lay missionary.

Professor L. T. Townsend writing in Zion's Herald shows the inconsistencies, contradictions and absurdities of the people who are professing the faith-cures. One of the saddest sights in life is a Christian the victim of a delusion, involving him continually in contradictions of which he is wholly unconscious while they are apparent to all around him. A correspondent writes to the Professor: "I have been sick a long time—having been confined to the house since a year last October. I am a firm believer in faith and prayer, but I am tired, oh, so tired, of faith-cures, mind cures, and their chain of cures."

"Bishop" Ingersoll never loses an opportunity to excite laughter at the expense of the church, but in one respect he is more conservative than any clergyman in the land. His belief in eternal punishment is thorough and complete, and his words testify to a wish on his part to stretch eternity as both ends in order to make the punishment more severe. These are his words: "For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with words you will never be quite as happy as though you had never said that thing. So forgiveness by the gods. Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice so far as nature is concerned. That is what I believe in." Such a statement—one so fatherlessly severe—is not to be found in any Christian creed from that formulated at Nice to the latest production of the kind by the Congregationalists. Christianity provides for forgiveness, but Ingersoll will have none of it. He puts the criminal into a dungeon, slams the door in his face, and leaves him there forever without a single ray of hope. He out Calvin Calvin, and fairly makes one's hair stand on end with horror.—Ex.

## A. DICKSON &amp; CO.

—We Open the Spring of 1885 with—

## THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK

We Have Ever Shown.

## Prices Have Never Been So Low!

The following are particularly well worth the attention of ladies:

50 Pieces Fancy Summer Silks at 45c to 75c. Entirely new styles and fine pure quality.

Colored Gros Grain Silks, 19 inches, at 95c and \$1.00. Best Goods we have ever offered at the price.

Brocade Velvets, Plain Velvets, in all the new shades.

Fine Printed Satteens, "Choice Styles," at 16c.

Fine Batistes, "New Designs," at 16c.

New Spring Dress Goods, Large variety, prices lower than ever before.

Four Cheap Lots of Body Cashmeres, all new spring colors at 25c, 30c, 35c and 40c. Above have all appearance of all wool, and cost not half as much.

400 Pieces New Washing Laces, "New Designs"

JUST OPENED - 500 Pieces Dress Gingham. Best quality, new styles.

Jersey Waists at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and up. You can not find better at the prices.

The above are but a few of our late purchases.

An examination of our whole spring stock will convince ladies that

## DRY GOODS

HAVE NEVER BEEN SO LOW.

## A. DICKSON &amp; CO., TRADE PALACE.

## Geo. J. Hammel

## GROCER

## 110 and 112 Massachusetts Avenue.

40c for 1 lb. choice Japan Tea.  
40c for 1 lb. choice Gunpowder Tea.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Young Hyson Tea.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Hyson Tea.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Arbutus Coffee.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Babbitt's Best Soap.  
30c for 1 lb. choice French Villa Soap.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Electric Light Soap.  
30c for 1 lb. choice German Soap.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Baking Powder.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Turkish Prunes.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Dried Apples.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Rising Sun Tomatoes.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Standard Peaches.  
30c for 1 lb. choice Standard Peaches.

30c for 1 Can pumpkin.  
30c for 1 Can Beef Mince.  
30c for 1 Can Breakfast Bacon.  
30c for 1 Can Headlight Oil.  
30c for 1 Can Choice Navy Beans.  
30c for 1 Can Syrup.  
30c for 1 Can Damson Plums.  
30c for 1 Can Cherries.  
30c for 1 Can Corn.  
30c for 1 Can Lard.  
30c for 1 Can Apple Butter.  
30c for 1 Can Extra Floor.  
30c for 1 Can Apples.  
30c for 1 Can Oat Meal.  
30c for 1 Can Washing Soda.

## TELEPHONE 755.

COAL OIL  
See Engines.  
Shipman

In operation at 21 West Maryland, Driven Well Store-1 and 2 horse power. Better than coal oil lamps. R. E. B. State Agent, 1000 N. 10th St. N. 10th St. N. 10th St.

JOHN EDWARDS,  
BILL POSTER.

One Hundred Large Stands.

300 3-Sheet Boards.

Also Controlling the State House Fence

OFFICE—Sentinel Office.

WHOA! JANUARY!

Removal of the Old Established  
Harness Shop

AD. HICKETH

No. 68 East Wash. St. and 71 East Court St.,  
With the Largest Stock of Harness, Horse Blankets, Clothing, Boots, etc., ever shown in the State. Elegant Rooms and Elegant Goods.

Dr. B. W. Sullivan,  
DENTIST,  
Room 15 Sentinel Building,  
Corner Circle and Meridian Sts.

MILLINERY,  
Dress and Cloak Making.

LOW PRICES,  
And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Miss KATIE BIEBINGER

73 Massachusetts Avenue.

ATTENTION!

JOHN DIERDORF,  
DEALER IN  
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

NEW MUSIC HOUSE

JUST OPENED AT  
64 N. PENNSYLVANIA ST.

Sole Agent for Linderman & Son's  
Celebrated Pianos, and other makes

TUNING and REPAIRING. Satisfaction guaranteed. Public are cordially welcome.